

"Fain would I change that note"  
Tobias Hume (c. 1579-1645)  
from *First part of Ayres* (1605)



Musicall Homors.

F

Fain would I change that note to which fond love hath charmd me,  
Long, long to sing by roate, fancying that that harmde me yet when this thought doth come  
Love is the perfect summe of all delight I have no other choice either for pen or voyce, to sing or write.

You must play one strape with your fingers, the other with your Bow, and so continue to the end.

Finis, T.H.

O Love they wrong thee much,  
That say thy sweete is bitter,  
When thy ripe fruit is such,  
As nothing can be sweeter,  
Faire house of ioy and blisse,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I doe adore thee:  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my hart,  
And fall before thee.

F Fain would I change that note  
To which fond love hath charmd me,  
Long, long to sing by roate,  
Fancying that that harmde me  
yet when this thought doth come  
Love is the perfect summe  
of all delight.  
I have no other choice  
either for pen or voyce,  
to sing or write.

O Love they wrong thee much,  
That say thy sweete is bitter,  
When thy ripe fruit is such,  
As nothing can be sweeter,  
Faire house of joy and blisse,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I doe adore thee:  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my hart,  
And fall before thee.

"Sweet was the song the Virgin sung"  
 Anonymous  
 from William Ballet's Lutebook (c. 1590)

Handwritten musical score for the first page of the piece. It features two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a lute line. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the vocal lines.

System 1:  
 Vocal: Sweet was the songe the virgin saunge, when she to Bethlem  
 Lute: (Musical notation)

System 2:  
 Vocal: And came and was delouered of a sonne, that blessed bejesu  
 Lute: (Musical notation)

System 3:  
 Vocal: hath his name: Lulla, by, lulla, by, lulla, by, lulla, by  
 Lute: (Musical notation)

System 4:  
 Vocal: babe saunge shoo, my sonne and also a sauiour becom who hath  
 Lute: (Musical notation)

Handwritten musical score for the second page of the piece. It continues the two systems of music from the first page. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the vocal lines.

System 5:  
 Vocal: mouth saued from on highe, to visit<sup>ed</sup> that were forlone La lala  
 Lute: (Musical notation)

System 6:  
 Vocal: La lala lala lala by sweet babe f saunge shoo of rocht  
 Lute: (Musical notation)

System 7:  
 Vocal: Am sweetly on her knee  
 Lute: (Musical notation)

Sweet was the song the virgin sung,  
when she to Bethlem Juda came,  
and was deliver'd of a Son,  
That blessed Jesus hath to name.

Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Sweet Babe, sung she, my son,  
And eke a Saviour born  
Who has vouchsafed from on high  
To visit us that were forlorn;  
Lalulaby Sweet Babe sang she,  
And rockt him sweetly on her knee.

"Art thou that she"

Anonymous

from Mus. Christ Church 439

36

art thou that she  
art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?  
Say I am, how then?  
Maids may not kiss  
Such wanton-humoured men.

art thou that she  
art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?  
Say I am, how then?  
Maids may not kiss  
Such wanton-humoured men.

"Art thou that she than whom no fairer is?

Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?"

"Say I am, how then?

Maids may not kiss

Such wanton-humoured men."

"Amarilli, mia bella"

Anonymous, after Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)  
from Egerton 2971



Amarilli, mia bella,  
non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,  
D'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,  
Dubitar non ti vale.  
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:  
Amarilli è il mio amore.

Amaryllis, my love,  
Do you not believe, oh  
my heart's sweet desire,  
That you are my love?  
Believe it, then: and if  
fear besets you,  
For you to doubt is not worth it.  
Open my breast and you will see written in my heart:  
Amarilli is my love.



Egerton 2971  
folio 28<sup>v</sup> - 29

# Amarilli, mia bella

[Giulio Caccini]

A-ma-ril-li mi-a bel-la non

cre-di[co] del mi-o cor dol- - - - ce de-si- - - -

-o d'es-ser tu l'a- - - - mor-mi-

-o Cre-di-lo pur e se ti-mor t'as-sa- - - -

-le, Pren-di questo mio stra- - - - - le,

A prim'il pet-to e ve-drai scritt'

[MS. A.]  
al - - - - - co-

-re: A-ma-ril-li A-ma-ril- - - - li A-ma- - -

-ril' è'l mi-a - - - - mo - - - - re. A-ma- - - - -

-ril' è'l mi' a - - - - mo - - - - re è mio a - -  
[mia - - - - mo - - - - re]

ed. Mary Cyr

"Faire women like faire jewels are"  
 Robert Jones (c. 1577-1617)  
 from The Second Booke of Ayres (1601)

CANTVS XIII. Robert Jones.

Aire women like faire iewels are, whose worth lies in opinion, to praise them all must  
 be his care that goes about to win one, & when he hath her once obtain'd, to her face he must her  
 flatter, but not to others least he moue their eies to leuell at her, & when he hath her once obtain'd  
 to her face he must her flatter, but not to others least he moue their eies to leuell at her.

2  
 The way to purchase truth in loue,  
 If such way there be anie,  
 Must be to giue her leaue to roue,  
 And hinder one by manie,  
 Beleeue thou must that she is fayte,  
 When poysoned tongues doe sing her,  
 Rich low els beare the kisse same heu,  
 Put vpon anie finger.

3  
 The perfectest of mind and shape,  
 Must looke for defamations,  
 Lise how they will they cannot scape,  
 Their persons are temptations,  
 Then let the world condemne my choise,  
 As laughing at my follie,  
 If she be kind the selfe lame voyce,  
 Is speed of the most holie.

BASSVS

Aire women like faire iewels are whose worth lies in opinion, to praise them all must  
 be his care that goes about to win one, & when he hath her once obtain'd, to her face he must her  
 flatter, but not to others least he moue their eies to leuell at her, and when he hath her once obtain'd  
 to her face he must her flatter, but not to others least he moue their eies to leuell at her.

The tablature Base.

Aire women like faire iewels are whose worth lies in opinion, to praise them all must  
 be his care that goes about to win one, & when he hath her once obtain'd, to her face he must her  
 flatter, but not to others least he moue their eies to leuell at her, and when he hath her once obtain'd  
 to her face he must her flatter, but not to others least he moue their eies to leuell at her.

Faire women like faire jewels are,  
whose worth lies in opinion,  
to praise them al must be his care  
that goes about to win one,  
& when he hath her once obtain'd,  
to her face he must her flatter,  
but not to others least he move  
their eies to level at her.

The way to purchase truth in love,  
If such way there be anie,  
Must be to give her leave to rove,  
And hinder one by manie,  
Beleeve thou must that she is fayre,  
When poisoned tongues doe sting her,  
Rich Jewels beare the selfe same hew,  
Put upon anie finger.

The perfectest of mind and shape,  
Must looke for defamations.  
Live how they will they cannot scape,  
Their persons are temptations,  
Then let the world condemne my choyse,  
As laughing at my follie,  
If she be kind the selfe same voyce,  
Is spred of the most hollie.



“Eternal Lord, th’illustrious fame”  
Robert Tailour (fl. 1610, died before 1637)  
from *Sacred Hymns* (1615)

4

TREBLE.

ternal Lord; th'illustrious fame, That founds  
through world thy glorious name! Whose greatnes fair transcends the  
fkyes; Whose goodnes earth dooth not de- s-ize. Even tender lips  
of infants yong Thy grace inspires with praiseful song: Whose force

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thy foes revengeful rage All danted strangely dooth af- swage.

BASE.

of infants yong Thy grace inspires with praiseful song: Whose force

B 3

Eternal Lord; th'illustrious fame  
That sounds through world thy glorious name!  
Whose greatnes fair transcends the skys;  
Whose goodnes earth dooth not despize.  
Even tender lips of infants yong  
Thy grace inspires with praiseful song:  
Whose force thy foes revengeful rage  
All danted strangely dooth asswage.

The cattle myld his service bear:  
Yea beasts most wyld his frouns doo fear:  
What flying wing the air divides,  
What swimming fin through water glides,  
What creeping thing in sea or land,  
Hast all subjected to his hand.  
O Lord, our Lord; what glorious fame  
Resounds through world thy gracious name!

"Out from the deep"

Robert Tailour (fl. 1610, died before 1637)

from *Sacred Hymns* (1615)

TREBLE. 221

Ut from the deep, to thee, O Lord, I  
cry: From place far off; yet thou good Lord be nigh.  
Lord hear my voice, and with attentive ear Re-ceive the  
plaints, which humbled soule dooth rear. If strictly Lord transgref-  
But iustice thyn fill mer-

12, 2

fions thou shalt ey; Lord, who shall stand? in sad  
cies thoughts dif- plays: That great- nes, fear; and Good-  
des pair we dy.  
nes, love may raize.

BASE.

Out from the deep, to thee o Lord I cry:  
From place far off; yet thow good Lord be nigh.  
Lord hear my voice, and with attentive ear  
Receive the plaints which humbled soule dooth rear.  
If strictly Lord transgressions thou shalt ey;  
Lord who shal stand? in sad despair we dy.  
But Justice thyn still mercies thoughts displays:  
That Greatnes, fear; and Goodnes love may raize.

"The Heavens declare the glori of God"  
 Robert Tailour (fl. 1610, died before 1637)  
 from *Sacred Hymns* (1615)

TREBLE. 17

He heavens de- clare the glori of God, that

worlds great arch forth- tels, His handi work we are him- self,

who thousand heavens ex- cels. Both day to day re- sounds

these words, and night to night in- ures This knowlege high; which

18

viewing ey to nazing mynd af- fures. No speach, no language ander

sky, which hath not heard their voice: Their words through earth to ends

of world run ruled with glorious noise.

BASE.

The heavens declare the glory of God,  
that worlds great arch foorthtels,  
His handiwork we are himself,  
who thousand heavens excels.  
Both day to day resounds these words,  
and night to night inures  
This knowledge high; which viewing ey  
to mazing mynd assures.  
No speech, no language and er sky,  
which hath not heard their voice:  
Their words through earth to ends of world  
run ruled with glorious noise.

He here the Sun in bour hath placed:  
the Sun, like bridegrome brave  
Who coming foorth, like Giant stout  
to run his race dooth crave.  
His course from utmost end of heaven  
he takes, and round amain  
By mighti compass to utmost end  
of heaven returns again.  
His glitt'ring rays all guild the world:  
no less his quic'ning heat,  
What earth, what air, what sea containth,  
cheers up with comfort great.

"Tis true, tis day"

William Corkine (fl. 1610-1617)

from *The Second Booke of Ayres* (1612)

III. CANTVS.

The image shows a musical score for a three-part setting. It begins with a large, ornate initial letter 'T' in a decorative frame. The score is written on two staves: the upper staff is labeled 'CANTVS.' and the lower staff is labeled 'BASSVS.'. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a simple, early 17th-century style with a mix of treble and bass clefs.

Is true, 'tis day, what though it be? and will you  
therefore rise from me? What will you rise, what will you rise because tis light? Did we lye  
downe because twas Night? Loue that in spight of darknesse brought vs hither,  
In spight of Light should keepe vs still together, In spight of Light should keepe vs still to-  
gether, In spight of Light should keepe vs still to- together.

Tis true, tis day, what though it be?

and will you therefore rise from me?

What will you rise, because tis light?

Did we lye downe because twas Night?

Love that in spight of darknesse brought us hither,

In spight of Light should keepe us still together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all Eye,

If it could speake as well as spye,

This were the worst that it could say,

That being well I faine would stay.

And that I love my hart and honor so

That I would not from him that hath them goe.

Ist businesse that doth you remove?

Oh, that's the worst disease of Love,

The poore, the foule, the false, love can

Admit, but not the busied man:

He that hath businesse, and makes love doth doe,

Such wrong as if a married man should woe.

Light hath no tongue, but is all Eye,  
If it could speake as well as spye,  
This were the worst that it could say,  
That being well I faine would stay.  
And that I love my hart and honor so  
That I would not from him that hath them goe.

Ist businesse that doth you remove?  
Oh, that's the worst disease of Love,  
The poore, the foule, the false, love can  
Admit, but not the busied man:  
He that hath businesse, and makes love doth doe,  
Such wrong as if a married man should woe.

"Sleep wayward thoughts"

John Dowland (1563-1626)

from *The First Booke of Songs or Ayres* (1597)

XIII. CANTUS.

Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not  
Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger moue: but pine  
you with my loue: let not my loue be with my  
her anger moue: but pine you with my longings  
loue displeas'd. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for  
long displeas'd.

my loue bee with my long- ings long displeas'd. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for  
long displeas'd.

her sake: so sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restless feare!  
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!  
The glories and the beauties that appeare,  
Betwene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,  
Thus while she sleeps, moues sighing for her sake:  
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth rest:  
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure:  
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppress:  
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.  
Sleeps, dainty loue, while I sigh for thy sake:  
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

BASS V S.

Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest  
Touch not proud hands, lest you  
you with my loue: let not my loue be with my  
her anger moue: but pine you with my longings  
loue displeas'd. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for  
long displeas'd.

her sake: so sleeps my loue, so sleeps my  
loue, and yet my loue doth wake.



Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love:  
let not my love bee with my love diseas'd.  
Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move:  
but pine you with my longings long displeas'd.  
Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:  
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restlesse feare!  
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!  
The glories and the beauties that appeare,  
Betweene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires.  
Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:  
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:  
Feare in my love, and yet my love secure:  
Peace in my love, and yet my love opprest:  
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.  
Sleepe, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake:  
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

“To the most high and mighty Prince Charles”  
 John Coprario (c. 1570-1626)  
 from *Songs of Mourning* (1613)

3 TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY  
 Prince Charles.

Fortune and glory may be lost and woone, But when the worke of  
 nature is vndone, that losse fliese past returning, No helpe is left but mourning: What can to kinde  
 youth more despightfull prove Then to be rob'd of one sole Brother? Father and mother aske reu-  
 erence, a brother onely loue, Like age and birth like thoughts and pleasures moue. What gaine can  
 he heape vp though showres of Crownes descend, Who for that good must change a brother and a friend?

*The Base.*

C 2

Fortune and Glory may be lost and woone,  
 But when the worke of Nature is undone  
 That losse fliese past returning,  
 No helpe is left but mourning.  
 What can to kinde youth more despightfull prove  
 Then to be rob'd of one sole Brother?  
 Father and Mother  
 Aske reverence, a Brother onely love:  
 Like age, and birth, like thoughts, and pleasures moue:  
 What gayne can he heape up though showres  
 of Crownes descend  
 Who for that good must change a brother and a friend?

Follow, O follow yet thy Brothers fame,  
 But not his fate, lets onely change the name,  
 And finde his worth presented  
 In thee, by him prevented:  
 Or past example of the dead be great,  
 Oute of thy selfe begin thy storie:  
 Virtue, and glorie  
 Are eminent being plac't in princely feate:  
 Oh heav'n his age prolong with sacred heate,  
 And on his honoured head let all the blessings light  
 Which to his brother life men wish't, and wish't them  
 right.

“Beauty and Love once fell at odds”

Henry Lawes (1596-1662)

from John Playford, *Select Musickall Ayres and Dialogues* (1653)

10 *Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.*

**B**eauty and Love once fell at ods, and thus revil'd each other. Quoth Love,

I am one of the Gods, and you wait on my mother, thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, but what I

gave to thee; nor art thou longer faire or sweet, then men acknowledge me. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

Away fond boy, then Beauty sayd, We see that thou art blind, But men have knowing eyes, and can My graces better find: 'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know, And cal'd thee blind desire: I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow, And wings to kindle fire.	Love here in anger flew away, And straight to Vulcan pray'd That he would tip his shafts with scorn, To punish this proud Mayd: So Beauty ever since hath bin But courted for an houre, To love a day is now a sin 'Gainst Cupid and his power.
--	--

Beauty and Love once fell at ods,  
And thus revil'd each other.  
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,  
And you wait on my mother,  
Thou hast no pow'r o're man at all,  
But what I gave to thee;  
Nor art thou longer faire or sweet,  
Then men acknowledge me.

Away fond boy, then Beauty sayd,  
We see that thou art blind,  
But men have knowing eyes, and can  
My graces better find:  
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
And cal'd thee blind desire:  
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,  
And straight to Vulcan pray'd  
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,  
To punish this proud Mayd:  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But courted for an houre,  
To love a day is now a sin  
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

“All Lookes be Pale”  
 Thomas Campion (1567-1620)  
 from *The First Booke of Ayres* (1613)

CANTVS. XXI.

LL lookes be pale, harts cold as stone, For *Hally* now is dead and  
 gone, *Hally* in whose sight, Most sweet sight, All the earth late tooke de- light. Eury eye  
 weepe with me, weepe with me, weepe with me, Ioyes drown'd in teares must be, Ioyes drown'd in teares must be.

1 All lookes be pale, harts cold as stone,  
 For *Hally* now is dead, and gone,  
*Hally* in whose sight,  
 Most sweet sight,  
 All the earth late tooke delight.  
 Eury eye weepe with mee,  
 Ioyes drown'd in teares must be.

2 His Iu'ry skin, his comely hayre,  
 His Rosie cheekes so cleare, and faire:  
 Eyes that once did grace  
 His bright face,  
 Now in him all want their place.  
 Eyes and hearts weepe with mee,  
 For who so kinde as hee?

3 His youth was like an *Aprill* flowre,  
 Adorn'd with beaury, loue, and powre,  
 Glory strow'd his way,  
 Whose wreaths gay  
 Now are all turn'd to decay.  
 Then againe weepe with mee,  
 None feele more cause then wee.

4 No more may his wisht sight returne,  
 His golden Lampe no more can burne;  
 Quencht is all his flame,  
 His hop't fame  
 Now hath left him nought but name.  
 For him all weepe with mee,  
 Since more him none shall see.

BASSVS.

All lookes be pale, harts cold as stone,  
 For *Hally* now is dead, and gone,  
*Hally* in whose sight,  
 Most sweet sight,  
 All the earth late tooke delight.  
 Ev'ry eye weepe with mee,  
 Ioyes drown'd in teares must be.

His youth was like an *Aprill* flowre,  
 Adorn'd with beaury, love, and powre,  
 Glory strow'd his way,  
 Whose wreaths gay  
 Now are all turn'd to decay.  
 Then againe weepe with mee,  
 None feele more cause then wee.

No more may his wisht sight returne,  
 His golden Lampe no more can burne;  
 Quencht is all his flame,  
 His hop't fame  
 Now hath left him nought but name.  
 For him all weepe with mee,  
 Since more him none shall see.

"Come again, sweet love doth now invite"  
 John Dowland (1563-1626)  
 from *The First Booke of Songs or Ayres* (1597)

XVII. CANTUS.

Come again: sweet loue doth now invite, thy graces  
 that refraine, to do me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,  
 to die, with thee againe in sweetest sympathy.

2  
 Come againe that I may cease to mourne,  
 Through thy unkind disdain:  
 For now left and forlorne,  
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,  
 In deadly paine and endless miserie.

3  
 All the day the sun that lends me shine,  
 By frownes doth cause me pine,  
 And feeds mee with delay: (grow,  
 Her smiles, my strings, that makes my ioyes to  
 Her frownes the winters of my woe:

4  
 All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,  
 My eyes are full of streames.

My heart takes no delight,  
 To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,  
 And marke the stormes are mee asside.

5  
 Out alas, my faith is ever true,  
 Yet will she neuer rue,  
 Nor yeeld me any grace:  
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,  
 Whom teares, nor truth may once invade.

6  
 Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,  
 Thou canst not pierce her heart.  
 For I that doe approve,  
 By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts,  
 Did tempe while she for triumph laughs.

BASSVS.

Come againe, sweet loue doth now  
 invite, thy graces that refraine, to doe mee  
 due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,  
 to die, with thee againe in sweetest  
 sympathy.

Come again: sweet love doth now invite,  
 thy graces that refraine,  
 to do me due delight,  
 to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die,  
 with thee againe in sweetest sympathy.

Come againe that I may cease to mourne,  
 Through thy unkind disdain,  
 For now left and forlorne:  
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,  
 In deadly paine, and endless miserie.